

MARVEL AT THE NEW HATS.

WOMEN FIND MILLINERY EXCITING THIS SPRING.

Diminutive Polos, Tippled Sailors and Phenomenal Color Schemes Features of a Revolution in Headgear—Hats Lace Frilled and Flower Massed.

Millinery is an exciting topic this spring. For women who have kept up with the changing modes during the last year spring frock changes are not radical enough to stimulate enthusiasm; but the hats are downright revolutionary and the crowds in front of the milliners' windows are edifying to a student of feminine nature.

All the women stop, look and marvel, but there are various ways of standing the shock. There's the woman who has seen the change coming and takes it as a matter of course; there's the woman who, although of any kind, who hails the tippled sailors, the diminutive polos, the phenomenal color schemes, with joy; there's the woman who says "Aren't they killing!" and giggles exuberantly; and there is the woman who is conservative and given to staidness who points the finger of scorn at the impertinent polo turbans and says "monstrous" in a tone to wither the audacious bits of millinery.

The first few women to launch the new hats need courage, recklessness or the serene composure of a face and figure lending themselves to piquancy; but womanhood will gradually fall into line and we shall soon become used to the innovations.



Luckily, extremes are not imperative. In a general way, a large majority of the hats conform to the new rules, are a trifle smaller, tilt forward rather than backward, are banked up at the back with flowers, feathers or tulle, instead of being pressed down flat and pinned firmly to the hair; but the angle need not be aggressive and there's many a quiet, unobtrusive hat that is distinctly modish.

Our old friend the turban, unless it belongs to the polo class, inclines toward narrower shapes, often turned up sharply at the left side and trimmed with some unusual arrangement of wings, flowers, feathers or ribbons. The very narrow elongated shape is unbecoming to many women, particularly to those whose hair does not roll luxuriantly at the sides, and for those women broader turbans are still made or the polo is enlarged to the proportions of a large round turban.

This polo is one of the freaks of the season and in some of its guises reaches the point of theatrical absurdity, but in other models it is prettily piquant and suits to perfection a certain type of youthful face.

In jet paillettes, made of moderate size, and ornamented by a single beautiful cluster of flowers, or a little bunch of plumes on the left side, the round little cap is attractive and it is good too in the flower covered models—say a polo entirely covered with white violets and with a knot of velvet or a cluster of American beauty roses at the side. Made in little frills of narrow valenciennes, with flower or feather trimming, the model has merit, and tiny overlapping frills of horsehair are used in the same way as the valenciennes.

Valenciennes in countless little frills covers the crowns and brims of hats other than polo turbans, and is especially good in connection with certain of the new sailors. These sailors are narrow and rolling of brim, low of crown and built up at the back until they tip sharply forward at an angle disastrous to the average profile. The trying line is sometimes broken by bending the edge of the brim back sharply in the front or slightly at one side of the front and setting a little cluster of flowers on a coquettish little bow of ribbon there.

One of the imported hats in this shape was entirely covered with little frills of valenciennes. Folds of narrow velvet ribbon in that little yellowish spring green, made a fresh and charming contrast with the low crown. The back was set high upon a green velvet band and lanked up with white roses, shading to the fresh green and yellow at their hearts, and from one side of this rose trimmed band fell a shower of narrow green velvet loops and ends.

This same white and yellow green color scheme is repeated again and again among the French hats, and almost always with

good results. Moreover, the coloring goes well with almost any summer frock and is seldom unbecoming.

In one importer's window two hats were much admired. One was a long very narrow turban, covered with small loose petalled white roses, yellow green at their centres and trimmed with a sharp pointed, narrow shaded green wing set flat on each side, and a fall of green velvet loops in the back.

The other was a low crowned, rather narrow brimmed hat of fine white horsehair, turned up sharply at the left side of the back and trimmed with white ostrich tips shading to yellow green at the tips.

Horsehair and all of the very fine pliable straws, easily adapted to the odd and picturesque convolutions of brim, are very popular, under the season's conditions, to have a new lease of favor. Fine ship, too, is seen in many of the smartest hats, and there are delightful fancy straws of lacy effect. Some of these last, in white with the merest line of colored straw at the edge, are exceedingly pretty and are used for little turbans simply trimmed with a cluster of flowers, a choux of lace or a group of the cut silk pompons, set on one side.

Of the lingerie hats we have spoken before, but new models appear every day. The drooping brim baby hats, with full crown and shirred brim, are more popular than ever, but the openwork embroidery or broderie Anglaise or linen or batiste is the new feature of the lingerie millinery, and it is used in every imaginable way.

Full crown flat brim baby hats, like those in show cases and embroidery, are made of openwork linen with plain brim, but tonioled in scallops at the edge of the brim and drooping slightly there. Broad brimmed picture hats are covered smoothly with batiste embroidered in openwork and are trimmed with loose clusters or sprays of large roses or other flowers and with soft scarfs of silk or folds of velvet ribbon.

In these hats the under side of the brim is usually faced by little overlapping frills of valenciennes or by corded or shirred batiste or mullu or net. Sometimes the crown, too, is formed of little valenciennes frills and the openwork embroidery is used only for the brim.

Turbans, too, are made of the batiste embroidery draped softly, and one lovely French hat was a turban somewhat like a polo in shape though not exaggerated. The top of the crown was made of frills of real valenciennes set on in overlapping circles, and around this was draped an exquisite scarf of embroidered batiste arranged so that its finely scalloped edges would lie against the veil and against the hair. These beautiful tresses and their foliage were posed on the left side, and a rouleau of tulle lifted the turban slightly from the head and was massed in a soft plaited bow against the hair in the back.

The tresses shades, all the apricot shades, the lilacs, the blues in hyacinths, periwinkle and blue tones, the greens and certain shades of brown are the conspicuous colors in the new millinery, though other hues are used, and white always has its place in summer millinery. There is much pink—chiefly in the form of roses; and, on every side one finds the soft, faded tones in combination, all the pinkish lilacs, the dull light blues, the faded rose and green.

Handled by an artist these color schemes,



though unnatural, are lovely, but a mistake in them is fatal, and already one sees developments of the idea that are enough to move an esthetic to tears. Moreover, even if the hat in these tones is a success it may so easily be worn with the wrong things, and the possibilities involved in this idea, in the tip tilted sailors and the saucy polo caps promise us a remarkable summer of millinery caricature.

The union of delicate lilac with light dull blue is considered particularly chic, and may well be charming if cleverly managed.

A delightful model hat in these two shades was of lilac crin, its moderate brim drooping at one side of the front and turned up sharply at the opposite side of the back. Full ruffles of lilac and light blue tulle surrounded the crown, which was very low, and in the back were plumes in the two colors. Another little hat, which sounds hopeless in the description and was peculiarly artistic in fact, was of narrow horsehair with the usual rather narrow brim, low crown and turned up back. A large cluster of roses in mauve and soft dull pink were pinned on the crown at the back, spraying over the crown top and lying against the upstanding brim, and little ostrich tips in pink and mauve covered the back of the hat and covered the hair.

The disposition of the feathers upon the new hats is wonderful and often fearful. Plumes start out at a tangent from the side of a turban, they are tucked under the brim at the side, they bank the upturned brim in the back, they are set at the front of the crown, one standing out and curling toward each side in Prince of Wales fashion, but without the central third feather.

Often they are merely eccentric, sometimes they are lovely, always they are unusual, and that is the keynote of the season's millinery. It is unusual. As for its beauty—that depends.

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PATENT FINGER TIPPED
SILK GLOVES

A guarantee ticket with every pair
All shades and styles

LOOK
IN THE
HEM

The merchant who says
he has "JUST AS GOOD"
as the "KAYSER" has a
reason.

THE KIND THAT DON'T WEAR OUT
at the finger ends. If you find
the name *KAYSER* on your hand,
the genuine, unquestionably
the best silk glove ever made.

AS TO FUNERALS IN NEW YORK

A DUTY WHICH MOST PEOPLE TRY TO AVOID.

Small Congregations to Be Expected at Church Services—Men and Women Indifferent Save During Hymns—Private Home Funerals More Favored.

New Yorkers do not go to funerals when they can avoid it. A full church at a funeral service is a great compliment to anybody who leaves New York for the other world. It is an indication that he was either very rich or very popular. It is not always safe in this city to count on a large attendance at the funeral of even a celebrity.

New Yorkers are too busy with the affairs of this life or too indifferent to attend to the duties of this kind. So well recognized is the disinclination to go to funerals that the attendance of only a handful of persons at a church funeral service is not a cause for chagrin to the family of the deceased. They all know that New Yorkers do not go to funerals if they can avoid it.

Strangers who come to New York are more impressed by the importance of the sexton at a funeral than by anything else, save the small attendance. Most sextons here are also undertakers, and when parishioners die the funeral preparations are usually handed over to them.

Who has not observed their officious and hasty trips up and down the aisles of the church before the service begins, their solicitude over the order in which the family are to enter, and the state of excitement, bordering almost on panic, in which they arrange the departure from the church? The sexton has his share of enjoyment at every funeral, whether the congregation be large or small, and he is the only person about a New York funeral who really does go to his work in any but an uninterested way. He seems much concerned. The congregation stares about with considerable indifference.

Last summer a New Yorker, who at one time had large wealth and was always in possession of a high social position, died. Eleven persons attended his funeral. To be sure, he was buried on a day that separated two holidays. Many of his friends were near enough to the city to come in if they wanted to.

A member of several large city clubs, a rich man in a small way, in life a New Yorker, was buried last fall in the presence of a handful of persons in a church to which he had belonged for twenty years. He had a large family connection, but they were away or sick or too little interested to come to his funeral. So a man whose acquaintance would have kept him bowing constantly in the Fifth avenue church parade, had fewer persons at his funeral than he would have greeted on one clear morning.

The little groups that gather at the church door are sometimes so shy to enter the vast church and scatter themselves through it, making only an occasional head

other persons in the church. They turned back the collars of their coats, which they loosened as they stared about the small gathering. Occasionally they whispered together. They could not have acted differently had they been at a matinee, except that they might have taken their hats off there.

It is interesting to observe the emotional effect of the hymns, which sometimes alter the demeanor of the most indifferent attendant. It may almost be said that it is only at funerals that men attempt to sing.

The influence of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Lead, Kindly Light" sometimes inspires a desire to sing, even in men who might be described as cold blooded. Usually they give up the attempt after a few trials. After a few preliminary rumbles the average man looks about him in a sheep-faced way and then suddenly stops.

Women stick to it longer. They will follow the notes to an altitude far too lofty for them under the inspiration of the fervor aroused by the familiar melody. Women, however, are never troubled by the fact that they have started a hymn on so high a key that they can never by any chance get up to the highest part of the music.

When the high notes come they simply stop singing and then avoid embarrassment, and they never look so ashamed as the men.

If anybody looks at one of the men while he is singing heather looks away suddenly like a child caught in mischief or returns a defiant stare as if to hurl out the proclamation that he has as much right to sing as anybody else, even if he isn't in the habit of doing it much in church.

Under the influence of hymns they have heard under similar circumstances and at other times, the women who seem to be least interested in the proceedings sometimes become so distressed that they might be mistaken for the maudlin and desolate of all the relatives. Luckily, they recover from this state of mind as soon as the melody is over.

One feature of this suddenly acquired grief is the full fledged condition in which it first shows itself. It does not begin with a furtive tear or a sniffle. It comes as a full downpour without any preliminary rain drops of warning. It subsides just as promptly.

New Yorkers, in their unwillingness to go to funerals, even of their friends, have made it easier for themselves to avoid this duty by putting as far away as possible the limit within which they might consider themselves compelled to attend funerals. In other parts of this country the friends of a family attend a funeral, even though they may not be personally acquainted with the deceased. In New York few persons do not know a person in life who ever feels themselves called upon to attend his funeral.

This indifference probably has more than anything else to do with the growing popularity of private funerals. Orthodox church men still want funerals in churches. But the privacy of a home has seemed of late years much more appropriate than a church.



SOME NEW STRAW HATS AND THREE OF THE FASHIONABLE POLO TOQUES.

here and there. They wait for friends to give them courage.

In the same way the funeral party waits for mourners that never come until, finally, the officious sexton, with a look of disappointment that more persons are not to see his splendid arrangements, starts the mourners up the aisle.

If there are choir boys they probably begin half a tone flat and get further and further down as they march to meet the funeral party. Suddenly called in for this outside work, the boys are carefully scrubbed until their faces shine and the procession diffuses an odor of soap.

In addition to the drawback of singing out of tune, the boys walk so close to the congregation that every separate voice sounds out so distinctly as to rob the choir of all homogeneity. There is sometimes enough in the mere ringing of the choir to discourage attendance at funerals.

Yet there is always a certain air of expectancy in the attitude of most New Yorkers who go to a funeral. Two women in black astrachan jackets entered a church the other day just before the service began. They were plainly friends of the family, for they bowed to some among the few

So the home funerals, to which only the friends of the deceased are expected to come, grow more common in New York every day.

DOG STUNTS BY GRAMOPHONE.

A Variation in Parlor Tricks Which Amuses a Woman's Friends.

A woman in town has taught her dog to do his tricks to her command issued from the gramophone. In speaking the orders into the machine she allowed enough time after each for the performance of the trick asked for.

"It saves me trouble," she explains. "Everybody's crazy to see Dodo do his tricks, and I get tired going through the performance with him. Then he looks so funny watching the mouth of the gramophone for orders."

"Perhaps you think it was easy to get him to do it. It took a lot of training, for it puzzled him so to hear my voice on one side of the room when I was over at the other. He won't do the tricks for any one but me, so people say it gives the queer effect to see him go through them on the gramophone when I'm in the kitchen."

EATING ON THE JU-JITSU PLAN

IT WILL MAKE THE FAT THIN AND THE THIN FAT.

Rice the Principal Article of Food—Limits of the Bill of Fare—Plenty of Water to Be Drunk—No Luncheon the Rule of the System—A Grape Fruit Salad.

The ju-jitsu girl eats different foods from other girls, she drinks different drinks, and she even seats herself at table in a different manner. Ju-jitsu, it may be explained, covers all branches of physical culture. It is the most searching of all physical culture systems, for it attacks not only your plan of exercise, but your plan of living as well, your way of sleeping, your manner of hygiene, and all other things that pertain to your physical life.

The ju-jitsu girl eats poultry, game, fish and fresh vegetables and fruits, the last either cooked or raw. And she eats nothing else. She has no use for French pastries; she never touches the heavy German cookery, nor will she eat Russian, Swiss and English specialties. She would as soon nibble at arsenic as a piece of pie.

White bread she considers filling, but not at all nourishing and therefore a waste of material; potatoes are fattening, but they give no nutriment, and as for the pasties, the fritters and the tiny delicacies of the table she never thinks of them.

When you see a ju-jitsu girl at the table you may be pretty sure of one of two things: either she is trying to get fat or she is trying to get thin.

Very few women are of normal and comfortable weight. One woman is twenty pounds too fat; the next one is twenty pounds too thin. Even the girls who act as dress models are not perfect and you see them all the time trying to improve



their figures.

The ju-jitsu girl who wants to get thin has a certain diet to which she rigidly holds herself. Her main food is rice.

Rice is peculiar in that it combines two foods. It contains the nutriment of white bread and potatoes. But it is better for the ju-jitsu girl than bread and potatoes, for it does not fatten her, while it does make her strong.

The ju-jitsu girl cooks her own rice, if she cannot get it cooked to suit her. She covers it with cold water and lets it slowly come to a boil. Then, stirring it as little as possible, she cooks it until it is very tender, adding a little salt toward the last. When it is done, it is flaky and moist, not dry and hard.

If you were a ju-jitsu girl trying to get thin, this would be your routine breakfast. You would rise about 6 o'clock and after a little light gymnastic exercise in your room, taking maybe an hour of your time, you would sit down to breakfast between 7 and 8 with a plate of rice before you. You would put nothing at all upon the rice except a little salt.

Some fruit dish would go with the rice, a dish of prunes without sugar, or a bowl of tart apple sauce, or perhaps some stewed dried fruits, cooked always without sugar. You would eat all you wanted, but take nothing except those two dishes.

When you begin the ju-jitsu diet you will be hungry all the time. To the person accustomed to a full stomach the diet is unsatisfactory. Mrs. Peary, who accompanied her husband on one of his exploring expeditions in the Arctic, referred to this unsatisfied feeling when she said: "Our greatest trouble is experienced with the sailors before they get used to their ration of compressed food. They miss the full feeling of the civilized stomach, and they are uneasy and think they are hungry. But after a while they get accustomed to their compressed foods and enjoy them."

And it is the same with the ju-jitsu girl. At first she rises from the table hungry. But after a few days, when she notes how much better she feels on a short diet of limited foods, she becomes enthusiastic to continue the diet.

The ju-jitsu girl follows her rules closely. The first is to eat lightly. Then follow these: Drink no ice water, winter or summer. Let your drinks be cool, but not iced. Take nothing from the stomach. Drink at least a gallon of water a day, whether you are trying to get thin or trying to get fat.

A. Simonson
933 BROADWAY, 21st-22d STREETS.
GRAY & WHITE HAIR

As my stock is larger and more comprehensive than ever before, I can guarantee to match perfectly any shade and texture. The assortment of colors is replete with all the fine shadings of slightly grays, mellow cream colors, steel blue and pure silver whites.

Ladies may feel confident of finding the softest and most delicate textures to match their own hair.

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continues to be the popular coiffure for 1905. It is charming in looks, natural in appearance, becoming to the wearer, and easy to adjust.

HAIRDRESSING and HAIR COLORING by expert artists. The greatest care is given to the minutest detail, and satisfaction is always assured.

BLAMES POTTER FOR FAILURE.

RECTOR JOHNSON'S VIEWS OF HIS PARISH TROUBLES.

Says the Church Here is Not Truly Episcopal and That Its Conduct is Irriving Men to the Roman Faith. Witness His Predecessor is Now a Catholic.

The Rev. W. Everett Johnson, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, in West 19th street, will distribute in his church to-day a letter to his congregation, showing his attitude toward the Episcopal Church authorities in this diocese. In this letter Father Johnson attacks Bishop Potter and other authorities of the diocese for their administration of the diocese.

This is, in part, the letter: "I became connected with the Church of the Redeemer in the fall of 1895 as an assistant to the Rev. Henry A. Adams, who had then been rector for about six months. There was a first mortgage on the property for \$65,000, held by the city, bearing 4 per cent. interest, and a second mortgage for \$25,000 at 8 per cent. interest. At this time the interest on the first mortgage, of \$60 a week, was being paid by the parish, and the interest on the second, of \$1,500 a year, was being paid by Trinity parish. This debt of \$80,000 was due to one error, and that the attempt to build a large church on land to which there was an insecure title. After nearly \$30,000 had been expended in building, the church was compelled to purchase title to the land. Had it not been for this the church would have been built without a debt.

"At the end of three months Father Adams insisted that I assume the rectorship, to which I was elected by the vestry on Dec. 8, 1895, and he became the assistant. During the following summer (1895) Adams perverted to Rome and the effect produced was most disastrous, nearly every one expecting him to follow him, and all hope was abandoned. What little was there was in the congregation took flight and went over, not to Rome, but to safer churches.

"After most careful consideration by the vestry of the whole situation it was determined to make an effort to raise the whole amount of the first mortgage, \$65,000, and if we failed in that to sell out the church property. An appeal was therefore made to the congregation on Jan. 1, 1897, for pledges contingent on the subscription of the whole amount by April 1, 1897. The congregation and those directly interested in the church soon subscribed \$65,000, a very large amount under the circumstances, yet \$40,000 short of that needed. It was then decided to sell the church property, which was done, just before the close of that year, leaving a large and devoted congregation churchless.

"Had the parish been really Episcopal it would never have been allowed to build a permanent church unless the title to the land was incontestable; one cannot imagine the Roman Church making such a blunder, for the Bishop is one of the trustees of each church corporation, and of course is obliged to maintain a system of legal advice thoroughly independent of casual parochial assistance.

"The perversion of Adams was due principally to his disgust with the congregational and competitive methods of operation of Episcopal parishes. It was that which turned his face in the direction of Rome and has turned hundreds of others in the Church in the same direction.

"Our utterly haphazard method of church extension and maintenance has proved an entering wedge for the penetration of Roman errors in faith and doctrine. A business institution every one of us admires the Roman Church in this city, and yet a most unrighteous conservatism prevents us from doing likewise.

"At a time when the Church of the Redeemer was doing its best work, and had attracted the attention of the press as well as of church people generally, the mother church of the city—Trinity Church—withdraw its appropriation for the interest on the second mortgage, thus increasing the fixed interest charge from \$50 to nearly \$80 a week to be paid by the parish. It must be noted that Trinity parish was a party to the absurd blunder of creating the debt, for without its aid the second mortgage would have been impossible, and, having made the blunder, was in better bound to continue that aid."

"In our final effort to subscribe the first mortgage of \$65,000 there was received in this parish and among its friends \$25,000, leaving \$40,000 as the object of appeal to the Church throughout the city. In order that the appeal might carry some weight it was necessary to obtain the Bishop's endorsement. This the Bishop refused to give, for three reasons: first that the creation of the debt had been a kind of ecclesiastical gambling; second, that the genius of the church was not suited to its neighborhood; third, that the rector belonged to a school whose only use for a church was as a home for the purpose of raising money, creating an entirely erroneous impression in the minds of those to whom the appeal was made. This is a record of this refusal of aid for a general appeal were abandoned, and during that year (1897) the church was sold.

"I trust that I have made plain in this letter the fact that the Church of the Redeemer was lost because the Church in this city is a parochial and not an Episcopal church. I do not mean to say that we have lost the apostolic order, but that we have lost the apostolic missions and unity of life. I am not blaming any individual man, but our general loss of that which we rightly inherit—the unity of our common work."

"Later on I intend to show you how the Church has been to consider the weaker in this city from the same cause, and what a travesty it is that we pose as ardent workers for a Christian unity which we do not possess ourselves."

"I love what men call the Episcopal Church, and I feel a right to express that love, because I have had to bear so long the active pressure that has driven so many of my brethren to desert it. So many times I have listened to the plaint, 'Don't ever hint you are a record of this refusal of aid for a general appeal were abandoned, and during that year (1897) the church was sold.'

"Making Old Pen Good as New.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

"My pen is spoiled and I have no other," said the bookkeeper.

The machinist happened to be in the office at the time and held it over the gas jet for thirty seconds.

"You can make an old pen as good as new," he said, "by holding it over a flame like this for half a minute and afterward dipping it in cold water."

He dipped the hot pen in cold water as he spoke and it sizzled lightly.

"Now try it," he said.

The bookkeeper tried the pen and exclaimed joyously:

"By George, it's as good as new again."

Two Miles of Dead Fish in Minnesota Lake.

Mequon correspondence St. Paul Dispatch.

Dead fish line the shores of Minnesota Lake and appeals to the State Health Department to have the nuisance removed have been made. The fish weigh from one to eight pounds and are banded up for more than two miles.

They were smothered. The residents here estimate the money value of the fish at \$5,000. They had found a market last fall. These fish are mostly carp and suckers.